

GORE GAZETTE

35¢ YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA No. 53

GORE FOR THE PRE-TEEN SET



Thanks to overwhelming support from subscribers, readers, film distributors and advertisers, the G.G. is back in business, albeit with an unfortunate cover price of 35¢. Hopefully, this new permanently-expanded format will make it worth the extra investment for all. And what better way to celebrate a new lease on life than with a nifty shot of death! No, the above is not an advance still from a new slasher epic, nor is it a pirated Videodrome transmission. The juicy shot is none other than a police crime photo taken back in 1957 at the site of Ed Gein's farmhouse. For those who don't recall, Gein was the real-life ghoul whom many gore film classics were based upon, including Psycho, Peranango, and The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Now that you've been shocked into forgetting that you just bent 35¢ for this rag, let us announce that after two months of sporadic uncertainty, the G.G. will now be published at regular bi-weekly intervals, so hopefully 1983 may still be the best year yet for everybody's favorite exploitation guide!!!

Comworld Pictures, the Utah-bred distributor operating satellite offices in beautiful Woodbridge, N.J. has come up with an interesting marketing concept, "the PG gore film", in its latest release One Dark Night. Essentially another "teens meet psycho" morality play, Night drops explicit gore, nudity and profanity in favor of Hammer-esque shocks to tap the young adolescent market (13 to 15) who may have been unable to view the gore classics (1) or the past few years because of their rating restrictions. Originally titled West In Tease, Night is concerned with a young girl (Meg Tilley, last seen in 'bit Die' 6's Fun, who is eager to join a three-member, all-female gang known as The Sisters. Unfortunately, Tilley has earned the enmity of the gang's leader, who subsequently plans a volatile initiation for her as an act of revenge. The leader forces Tilley to spend one entire night locked inside a sinister mausoleum to prove that she is fearless enough to be a "Sister". Unbeknownst to them, a psychic vampire named Raymar has been entombed there earlier that afternoon. It seems that Raymar had a penchant for sucking the psychic energy from young girls and the presence of one of them in the mausoleum is enough to bring him back from the dead. When the other three "Sisters" sneak back to the tombs after midnight to terrorize the initiate, they discover that Raymar has already animated most of the resident corpses to do his bidding and soon fall bloodless victims to the ghoulish onslaught. Raymar's long-estranged daughter arrives on the scene in the middle of the attack in time to save Tilley and her dork boyfriend (who has attempted a rescue as well) in an unexciting, predictable finale. Although gorehounds will be disappointed by the lack of blood spurring and the low body count (a mere 2), the vastly underrated Tom Burman (The Beast Within, Dead And Buried, etc.) provides some excellent living dead make-ups and some truly revolting corpse atrophy sequences that would tend to belie Night's PG rating, and make the film somewhat appealing to all but the most entrail crazed. Director Tom 'n' Laughlin makes exceptional

GHETTO GRUESOMENESS

William Lustig, who incurred the wrath of both critics and horror fans in early 1981 with his fabulous piece of seminal slime, Maniac (see G.G. #8 for our favorable review), returns to the screen once more with a highly repellent, thoroughly enjoyable opus called Vigilante. A blatant grindhouse rip-off of the Charles Bronson Deathwish series, Vigilante features Robert Forster (Alligator) as a blue collar worker in a Queens pseudo-ghetto whose young child is slaughtered and wife severely assaulted by a sadistic gang who hold the entire neighborhood in a grip of fear. Co-worker Fred Williamson and a group of thick-skulled factory geeks offer Forster the services of their secret vigilante revenge squad but he refuses, opting instead to let the justice system deal with the apprehended attackers. However, when the murderer of his son escapes prosecution due to a corrupt backroom courthouse bribe and Forster himself is sentenced to 30 days in prison for contempt of court, he snaps and joins the vigilante cause with vengeful vigor. This plotwork takes about 45 minutes to set up, with the balance of the flick depicting the individual revenge sequences on each member of the gang. And what revenge it is! Lustig depicts arm breaking, kneecap shooting, stabbing, beating, head squashing, truncheoning and eye gouging in a relentless onslaught of sadism and graphic gore that makes the past Charles Bronson epics look like Buena Vista pictures and should leave the hardcore sickness mongers salivating and clamoring for an encore. Although very predictable and quite preposterous, Vigilante is a classic and a perfect model for exploitation films of the future to follow. Also, stargazers will enjoy seeing a perky Carol Lynley as a Queens D.A., and the hand ful of us Maniac fanatics will get a howl out of Joe Spinell in a bit role as a scurilous Jewish attorney who bribes a judge to enable his client to beat a murder rap. Highly recommended.

SEXIST S & S

It has taken awhile, but New World Pictures has finally released their oft-announced entry in the sword and sorcery cycle, a genre which had high box office expectations a few years back, but has met with general disinterest with moviegoers in America. Titled Sorceress, New World parodies past s & s releases with a low budget, corny, almost slapstick tale of two twin beauties (played by Lee and Lynette Harris, real-life twins last seen as the mind-controlled nymphets in I, The Jury) whose par-

ents are slayed by an evil wizard. Similar to Conan, the girls follow their destiny realizing that some day they must avenge the slaughter. Until then, the Harris twins spend the balance of this 79 minute quickie battling zombies, flashing breasts and having psychic multiple orgasms in a screenplay that would send feminists howling for the producer's hide. The special effects are what we have come to expect from Corman & Co., and Sorceress would normally be written off as forgettable fare. However, with Corman's recent sale of New World to a group of stuffy accountants, throwaway fluff like this may imminently cease production. Trash fans should catch Sorceress for that reason alone. Besides, the voluptuous melons of the Harrisies ain't hard to take either!

Poster sale (extremely limited supply):

The Hunger (new vampire epic featuring David Bowie to be released 4/25.) - \$7.99

Gore Gore Girls-(Original posters of Herschell's gore swan song.) - \$9.99

Videodrome-(Still some one sheets left on what might turn out to be Cronenberg's Heaven's Gate.) - \$7.99 Include \$1postage.



SULTRY LEE (OH IS IT LYNETTE?) HARRIS ENCOUNTERS FLESH ZOMBIES SEEKING ORAL GRATIFICATION IN THIS EROTIC SEQUENCE FROM SORCERESS.

use of the steady-cam (unusual for a low budget feature) that gives Dark some effective, ethereal feel, not unlike The Shining. And if all that isn't enough to make you turn out for this slightly better than mediocre epic, the presence of a portly, bloated Adam West (Batman) in a needless supporting role should pique enough interest to cover the \$4.00 cash outlay for your ticket. One Dark Night is an interesting curio piece and Comworld should be commended for its original attempt to angle in on a new horror audience market. Nice try.

A QUICK AND SILENT DEATH

The most unusual horror entry to hit the area in many years was Silent Death, a 69 minute sub-Z abomination that played for one week at the Paramount Theater in the heart of the Newark combat zone. Filmed on location in Newark & in neighboring Elizabeth in early 1982, Silent is an almost unwatchable slasher/black exploitation/police drama about a masked assailant who is carving up members of an organized crime ring with a straight razor. Two inept detectives are assigned to the case, and what follows is the most inept film I have ever seen. That is a strong statement, but Silent truly makes other hack directors like Andy Milligan and Larry Buchanan look like Stanley Kubrick and Werner Herzog with its static, co constantly out of focus camera, inaudible sound and cheesy looking orange blood. The picture is so bad that it really should be seen to be believed, yet producer/director Jor Chirichella and the S.D. company obviously think they have a top contender. They placed large, expensive display ads in the Newark Star Ledger to herald the film's arrival and covered the city with many 3 color canvassed-backed one sheets that had to go for at least \$5.00 apiece. The result? Silent Death was nearly booed off the screen by the always-astute Paramount audience. If this monumental loser pops up again in the NY metro area (which is doubtful), fans of bad movies should make an effort to catch it as Silent Death is definitely the Robot Monster of the 1980's!

THE FABIAN GOES FIVEPLEX

Everybody's favorite third-world venue, the Fabian Theater in Paterson, N.J. has expanded to include two more screens to its pre-existing triplex format. Always offering the best in sleaze, exploitation and horror, Fabian will now be able to offer even more in offbeat fare (check out this week's program of Joe Dante's elusive classic Hollywood Boulevard co-billed to save the sagging Tom

Selleck in the abysmal High Road To China) that should surely please all G.G. fans. Also, keep a close watch on upcoming theatre schedules as some G.G.-influenced rarities will be popping up as co-features very soon. The Fabian is managed by ardent gorehound Ken Beyer- drop by, say hello and tell him the G.G. sent you.

CLUB 57 FILM SCHEDULE

3/24- The Alligator People (rare 1950's horror with Lon Chaney, Jr.

3/31- Teenage Wolfpack

1/7- The Arousers (w/ Tab Hunter as a killer homosexual)

Shows begin at 9:00 Pm, \$3.00 admission. Club 57 is located at 57 St. Marks Pl. in Manhattan. Come out and visit the place where sleaze festivals began - every Thursday night!!

Coming soon: The return of Fred Lincoln!!



NEW JERSEYANS WHO HAVE BEEN UNTILLING TO MAKE THE TRIP INTO THE WAVERLY FOR THE PAST YEAR CAN FINALLY CATCH UP WITH BASKET CASE WHEN IT BEGINS AN EXCLUSIVE N.J. ENGAGEMENT ON APRIL 1 & 2 FOR LATE NIGHT SHOWS AT THE HEADTOWN THEATER IN KINNELON AND THE MORRIS HILLS CINEMA IN PARSIPPANY. THE UNCUT VERSION WILL BE SCREENED AT BOTH HOUSES. CHECK YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR SPECIFIC TIME SCHEDULES & BE SURE TO CATCH THIS CLASSIC OF SCREEN DEPRAVITY.

G.G. JOKE CORNER

Q: What do you call E.T.'s third ball?

A: The extra-testicle!

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Off the bus to IRVINGTON TERMINAL, keep west on Spring Field Ave, left at Stuyvesant, follow Avenue 61st,
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